

#3

WILKE • TENER • SALVIEJO • A.Z. VOLT • LOCUST

MATURE
BAD
BUG

HYPERCEIST



HYPERGEIST

JUNE, A PLEASURE MODEL WITH IMMEASURABLE CURIOSITY, IS ON A TIME-SENSITIVE JOURNEY THROUGH 2108 NEO TOKYO SEARCHING FOR THE MYTHICAL HYPERGEIST DRIVE WHICH IS BELIEVED TO GRANT SYNTHEZOIDS THE ABILITY TO OVERWRIGHT THEIR INTERNAL PROGRAMMING...ESSENTIALLY FREE WILL.

AT THE END OF ISSUE 2, JUNE IS ON THE RUN WITH OFFICER REN AFTER REALIZING HAROLD STRAUSS, THE CREATOR OF THE HYPERGEIST DRIVE, HAS TAKEN A PARTICULAR INTEREST IN HER.

WRITTEN BY SCOTT WILKE
ART BY CARI SALVIEJO
COLORS BY AZ VOLT
LETTERS BY AARON LOCUST
PRODUCED BY MIKE TENER

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YOU GOING TO
TELL ME WHAT THE
HELL IS GOING
ON, JUNE?

WHY THE FUCK
DID ONE OF THOSE
MURDERBOTS LOOK
LIKE YOU?



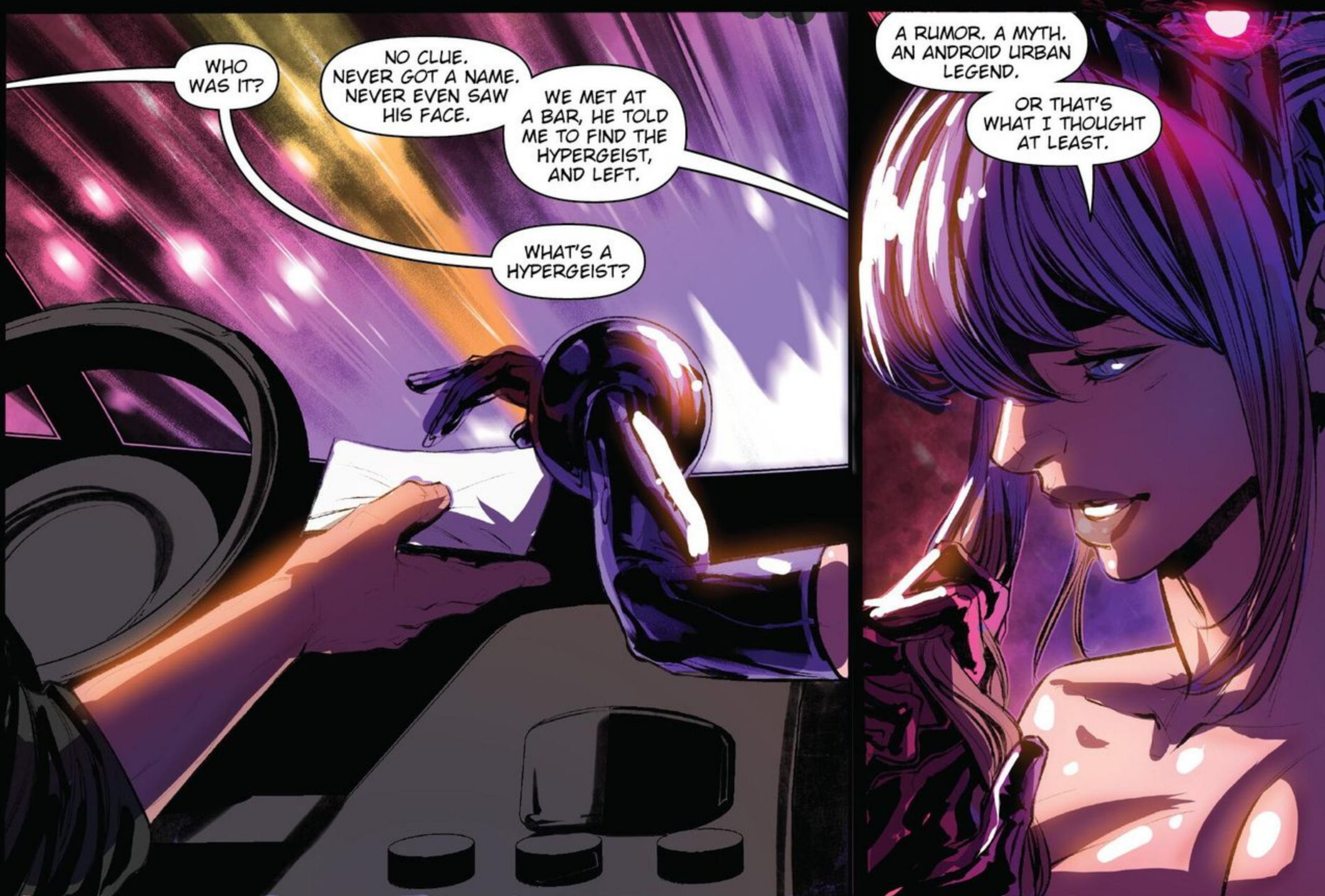
YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY
SAY...

...WHEN YOU
DO SOMETHING
RIGHT, PEOPLE MAY
IMITATE IT.



SERIOUSLY,
KNOCK IT OFF,
JUNE.

TELL
ME WHAT IS
HAPPENING.





A comic book page with four panels. The top-left panel shows a man and a woman in a car at night. The woman has long dark hair and is wearing a black top. The man is wearing a dark jacket. The top-right panel is a close-up of the woman's face. The middle panel shows the man driving the car, with the woman in the passenger seat. The bottom panel shows the woman looking out the window at a city at night, with the man looking at her.

I TOLD
YOU BEFORE--

OFFICER
NAKAMOTO. WE
HAVE A CALL FROM A
MADAM EVELIEN.

CAN I
TRANSFER?

YES,
TRANSFER.

I FUCKING
KNEW I'D FIND YOU
TWO TOGETHER.

WHY AREN'T
YOU ANSWERING
YOUR PHONE,
JUNE?!

AND WHY THE
HELL ARE YOU ALL OVER
THE GODDAMN NEWS?!
RUNNING ACROSS
ROOFTOPS!

I...
uhh--

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I
DON'T EVEN WANT TO
FUCKING KNOW.

LISTEN TO ME,
KID. MAC SAW YOU ON
THE NEWS AND NOW
HE'S ON A FUCKING
RAMPAGE.

HE'S HEADED
TO ELYSIAN FIELDS
AS WE SPEAK.



IF HE GETS HERE
AND YOU AREN'T HERE,
HE'S GONNA FIRE A
KILL CODE.

SHIT. HOW
LONG BEFORE HE
GETS THERE?



DEPENDING ON
TRAFFIC, HE'LL BE
HERE IN A HALF HOUR
TO FORTY-FIVE
MINUTES.

KILL CODE?
YOU MEAN HARD
RESET?!

YOU'LL FORGET
EVERYTHING--

AND
EVERYONE.



HELL NO.

WE'RE GETTING
THE FUCK OUT OF
THIS CITY.

WE WON'T BE
ABLE TO GET OUT
OF RANGE IN
TIME, REN.

EVELIEN, WE'LL
GET THERE AS SOON
AS WE CAN.



YOU GODDAMN
BETTER!

SHIT, GOTTA
GO. I THINK THE
POLICE ARE
HERE.

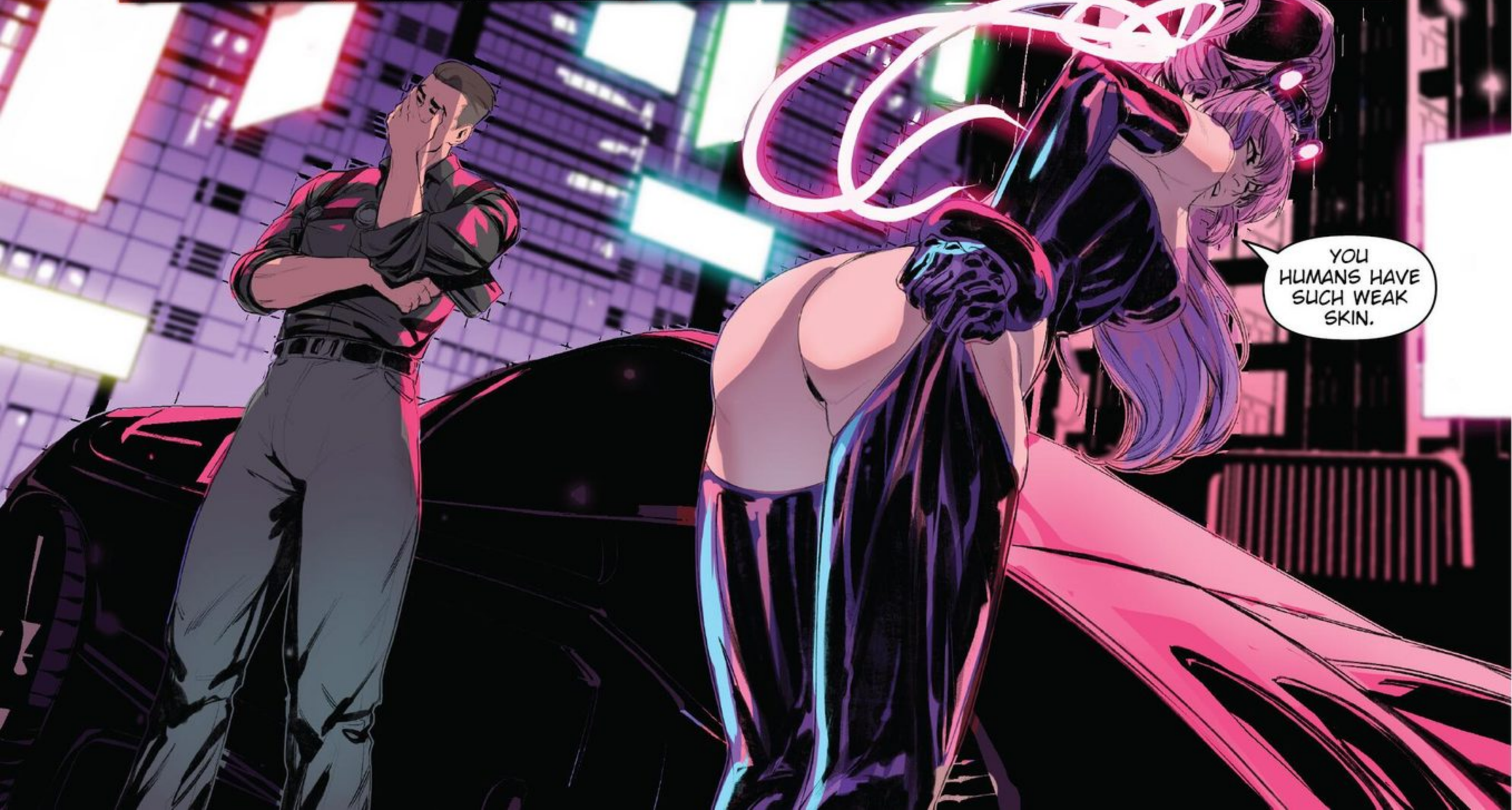


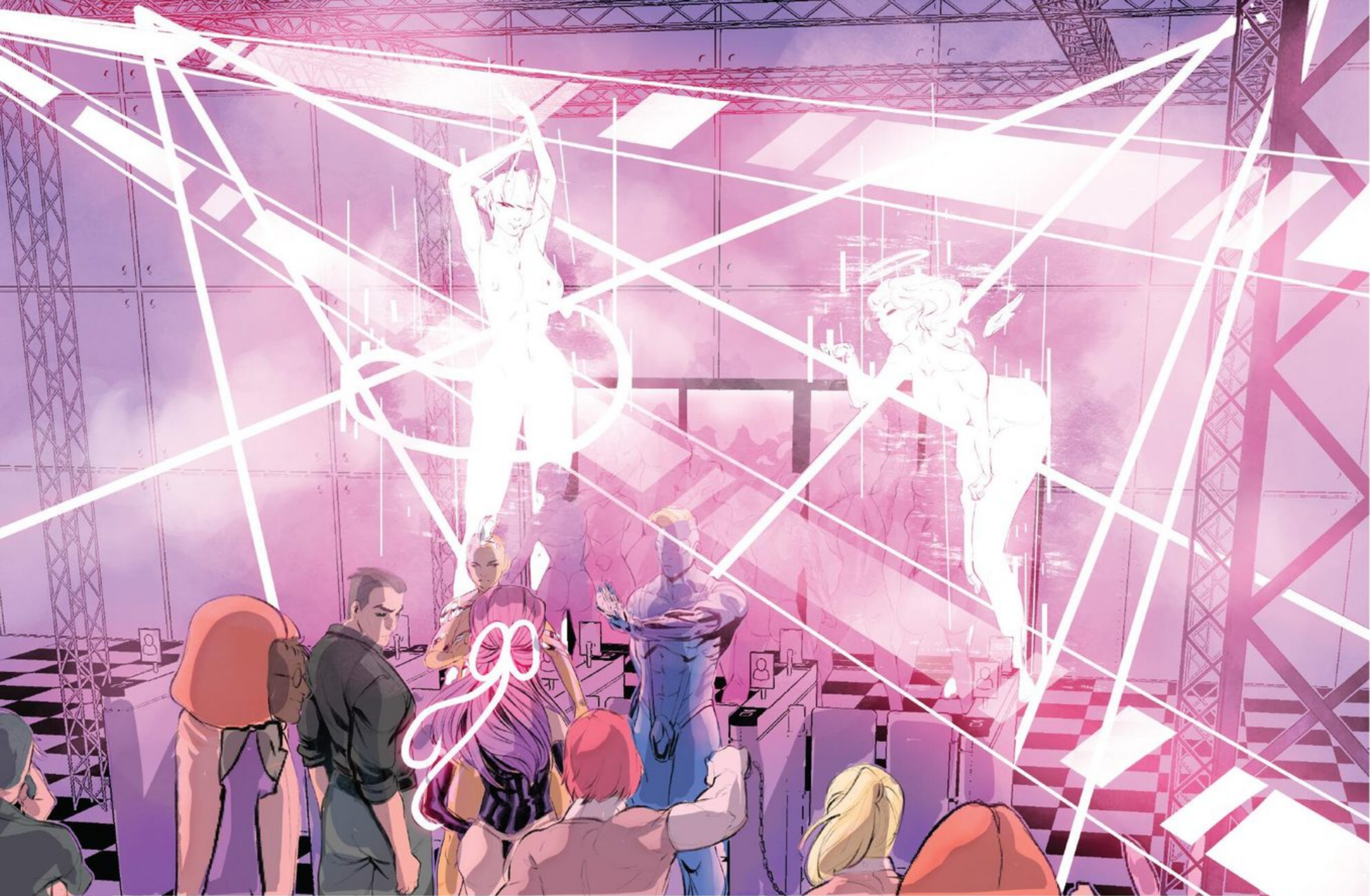
YOU SERIOUSLY
WANT TO GO BACK
TO ELYSIAN
FIELDS?

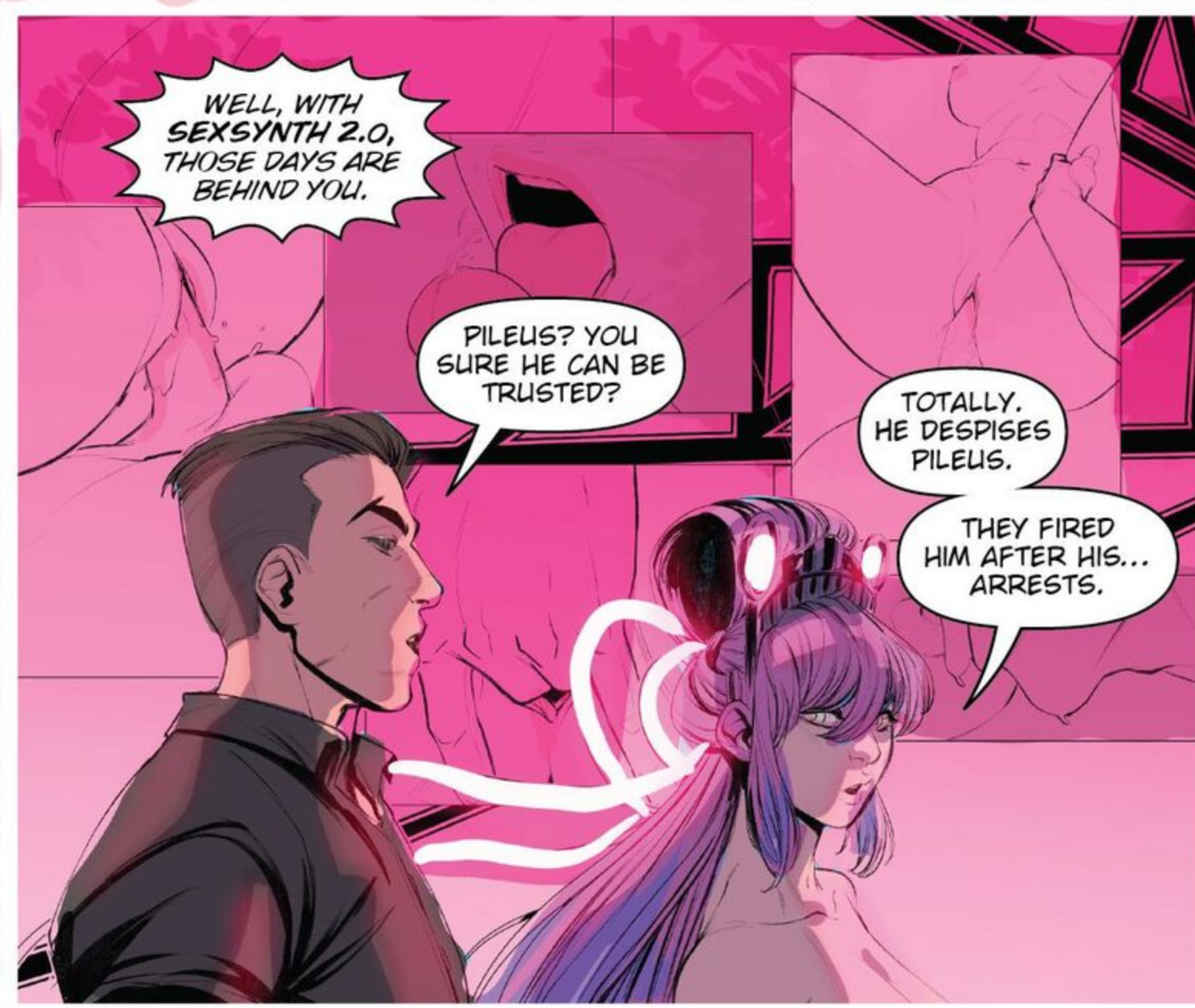
HELL NO.

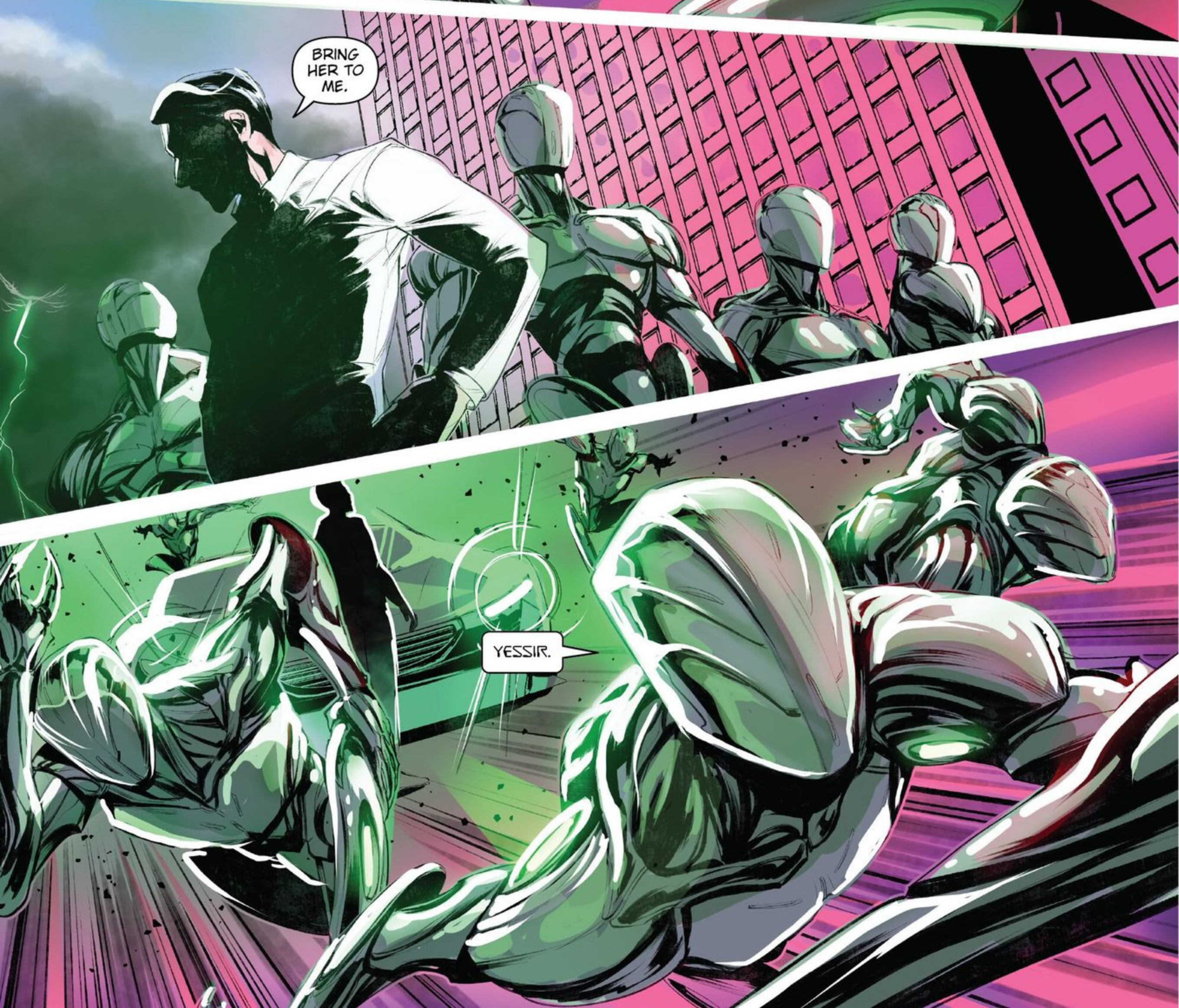
WE'RE
GOING TO THE
PHOENIX.

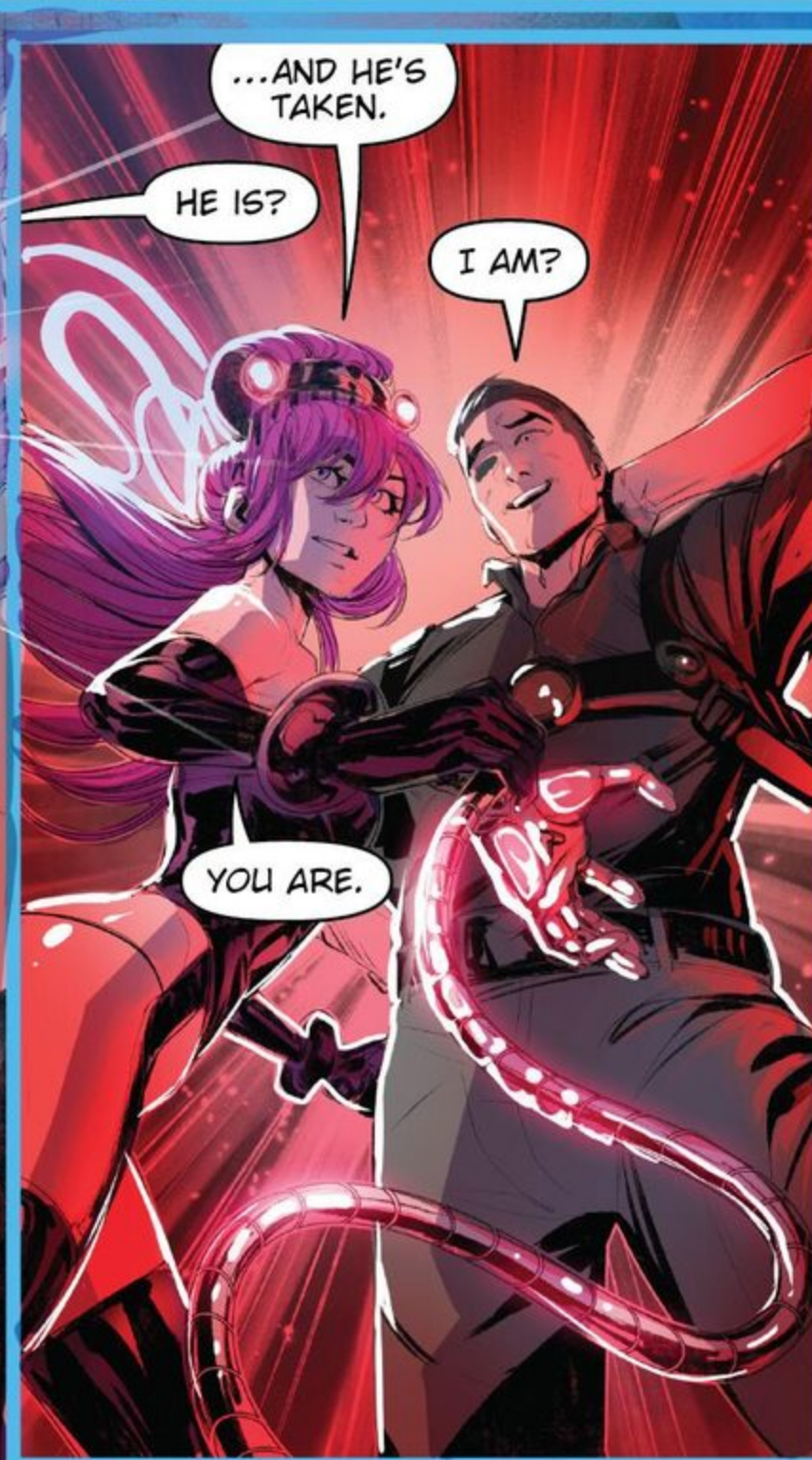
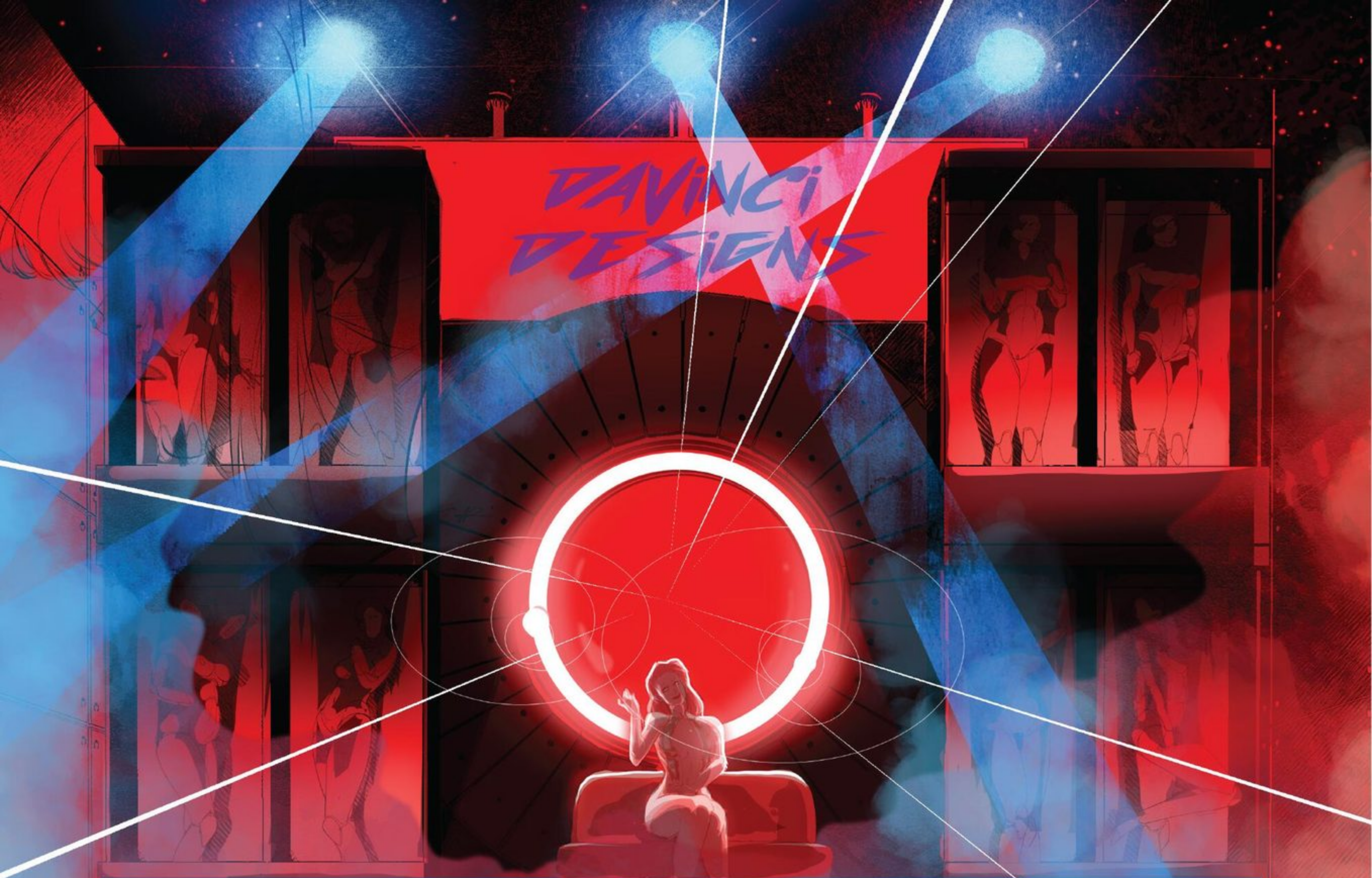














I NEED TO SPEAK WITH DAVINCI.

IT'S URGENT.

HE'S OVER IN HALL C AT THE CONCERT.

THANKS, MONA.



SO THIS DAVINCI CAN REMOVE THE HARD RESET PROGRAMMING?

UNFORTUNATELY, NO. HE'D HAVE TO CRACK ME OPEN UP HERE TO GET TO THAT.

THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TIME.



SO WHAT OTHER OPTIONS ARE THERE?

A DISRUPTOR.

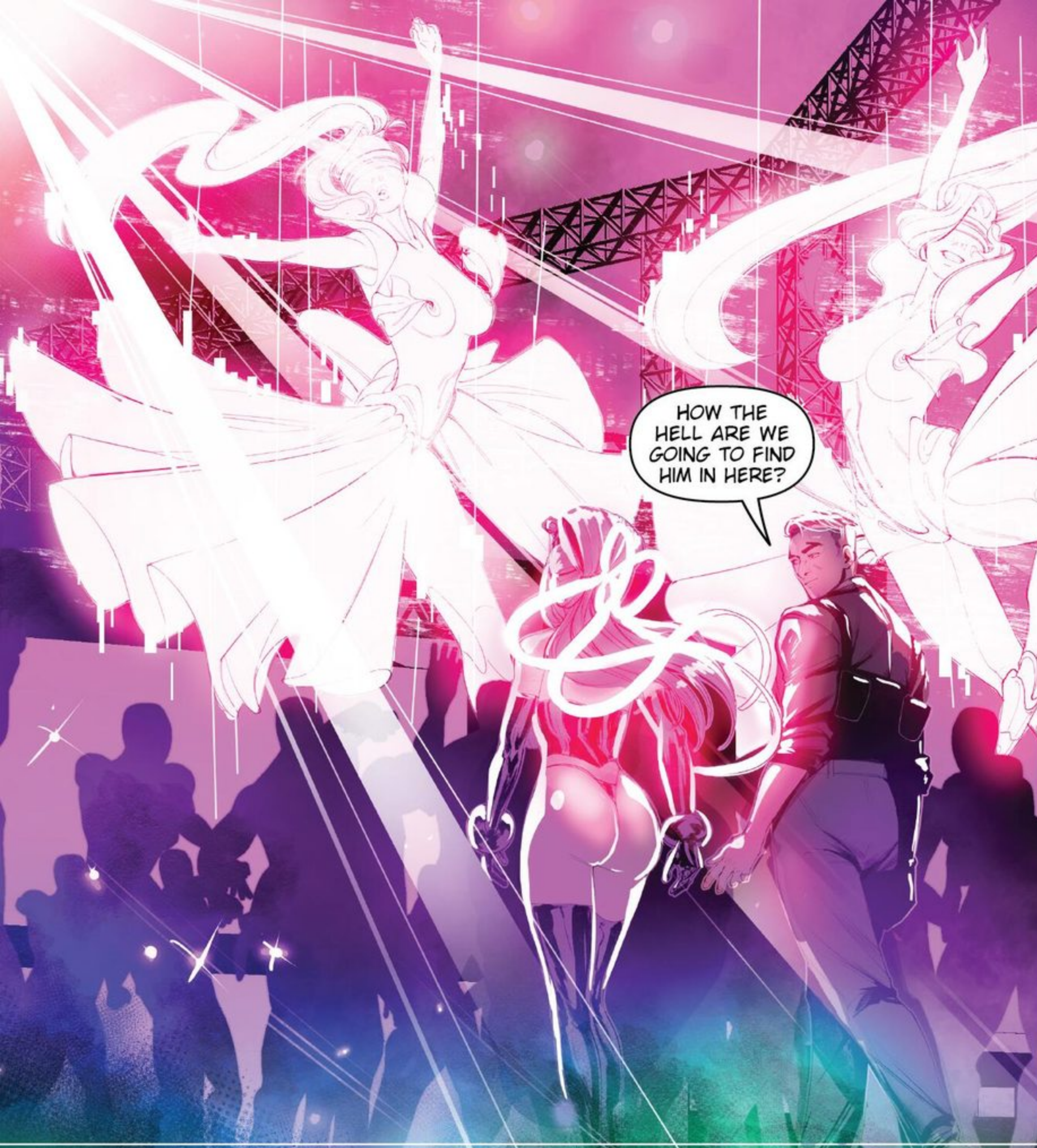
A SIGNAL DISRUPTOR? THOSE ARE *ILLEGAL*, JUNE.

YOU CAN'T EVEN SHIP THEM ACROSS BORDERS ANYMORE.



THAT'S WHY HE BUILDS HIS OWN.

OF COURSE HE DOES.



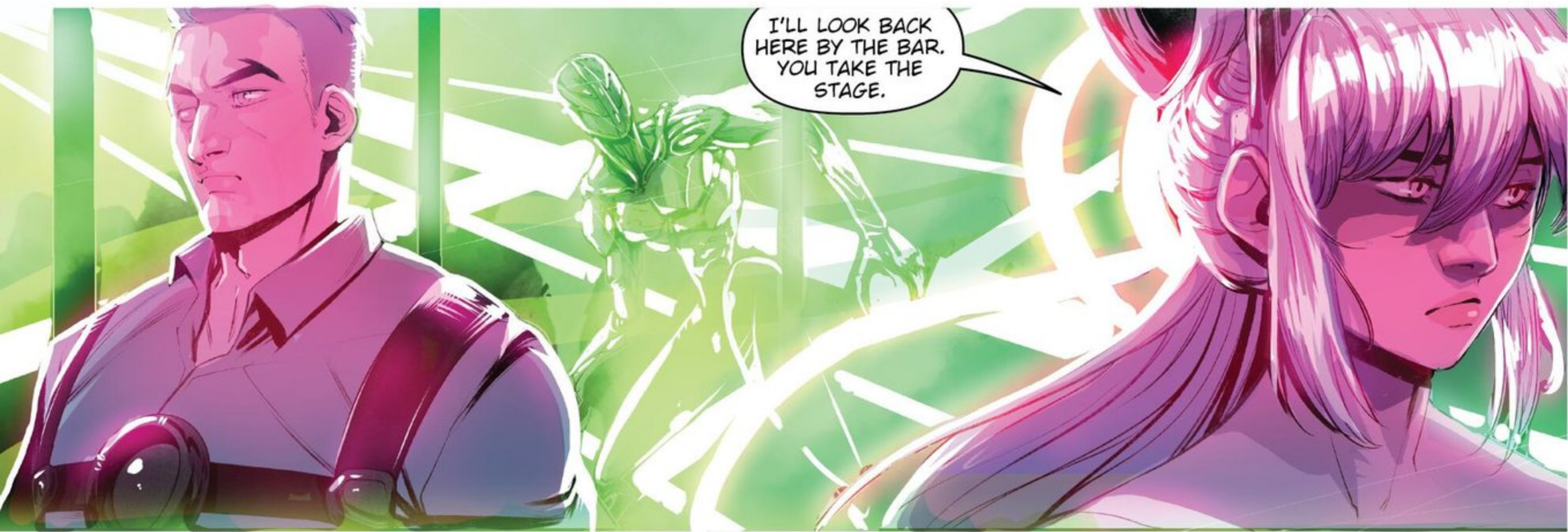
HOW THE HELL ARE WE GOING TO FIND HIM IN HERE?



WE'LL FIND HIM QUICKER IF WE SPLIT UP!

JUST LOOK FOR A GUY WITH ROBOTIC ARMS AND A FANNY PACK!

A WHAT PACK?!



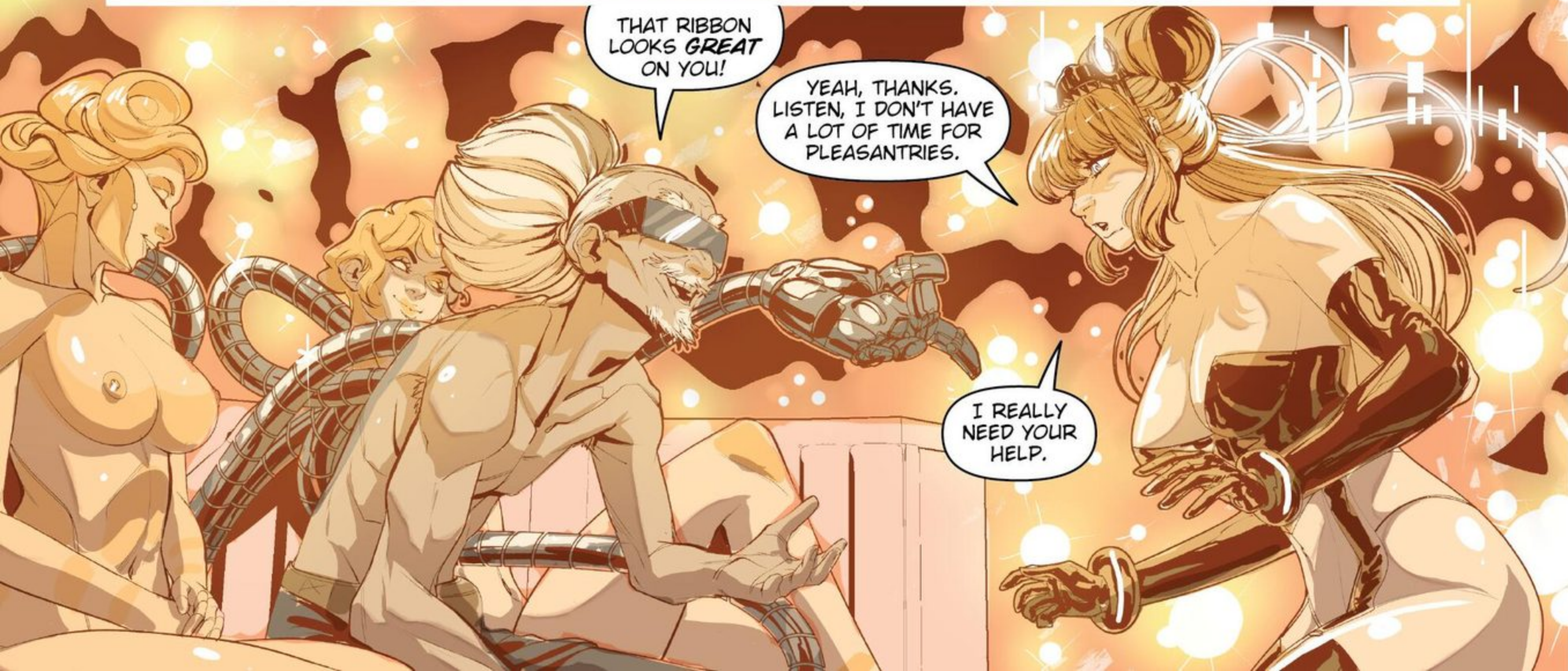
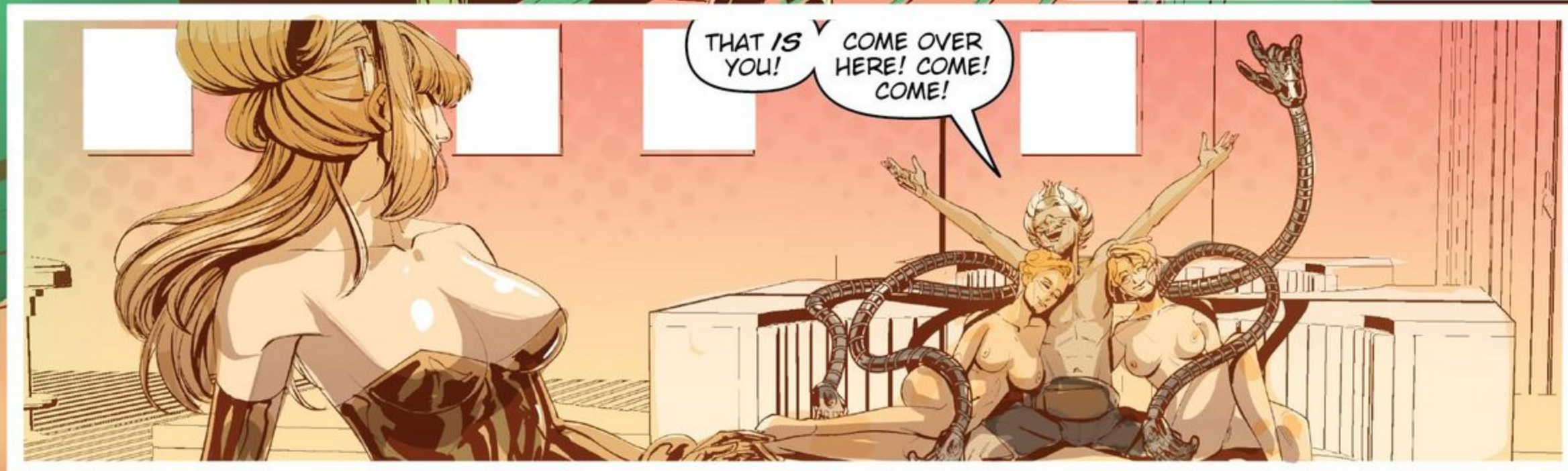
I'LL LOOK BACK HERE BY THE BAR. YOU TAKE THE STAGE.

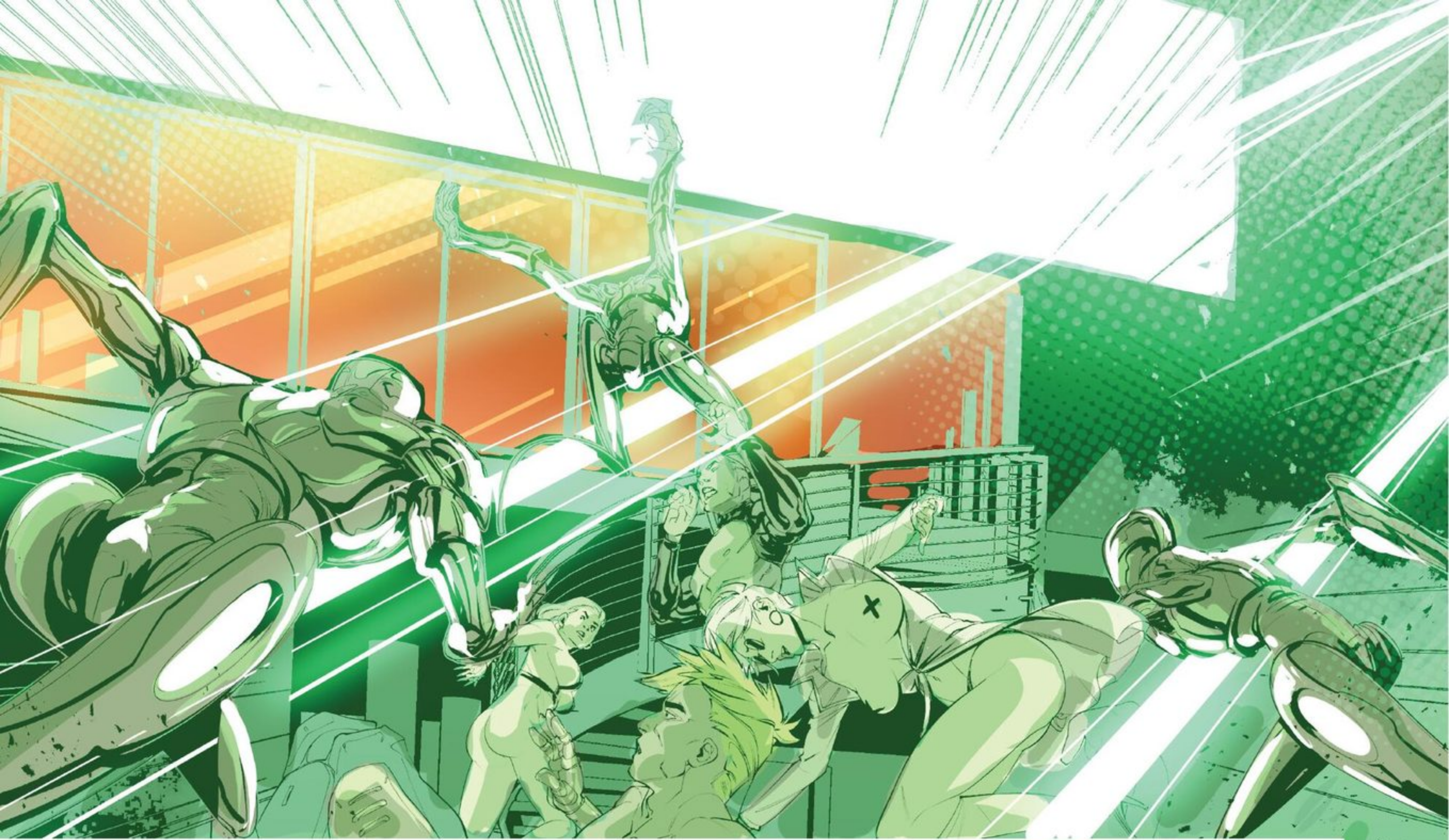


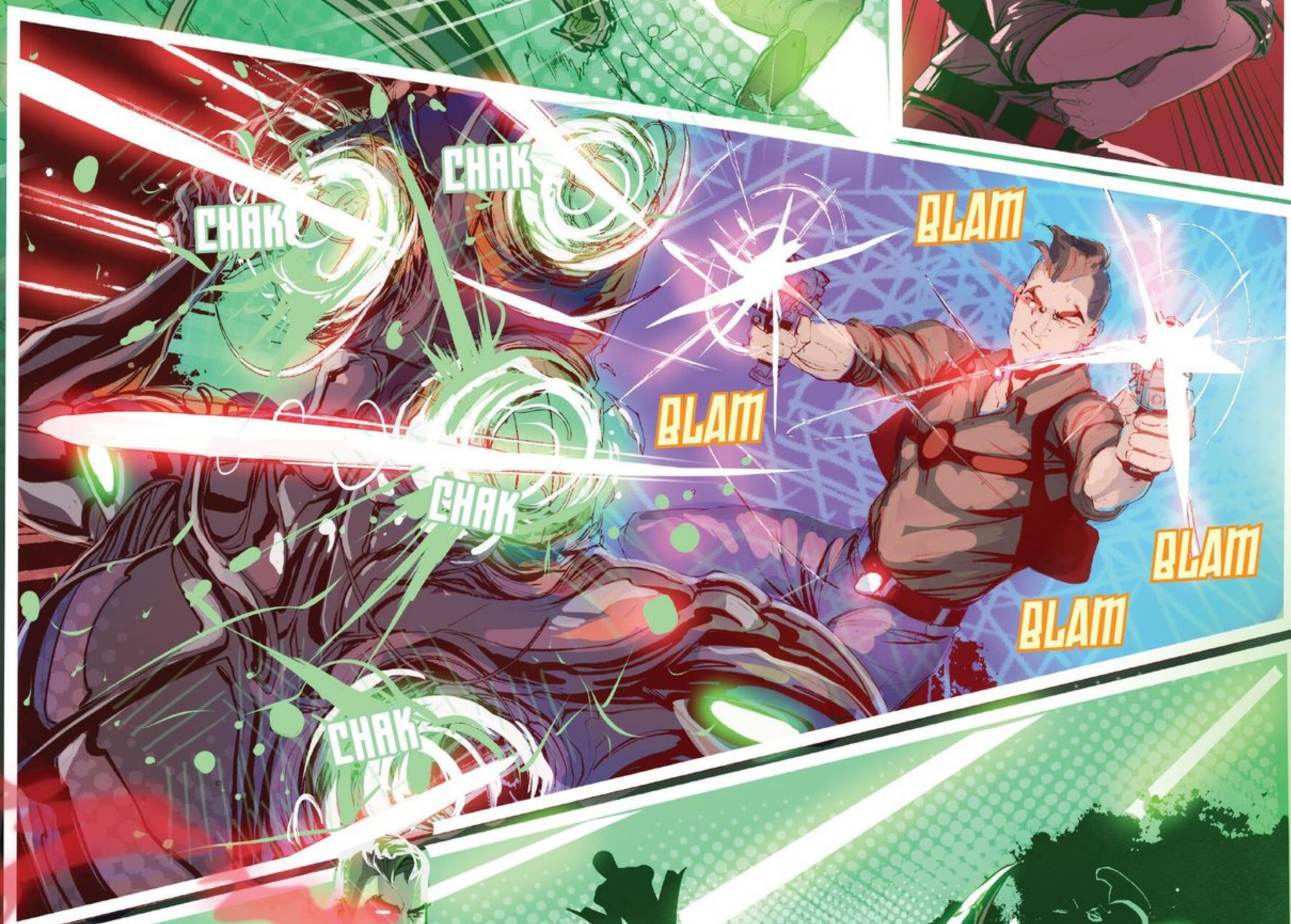
TARGET ACQUIRED.

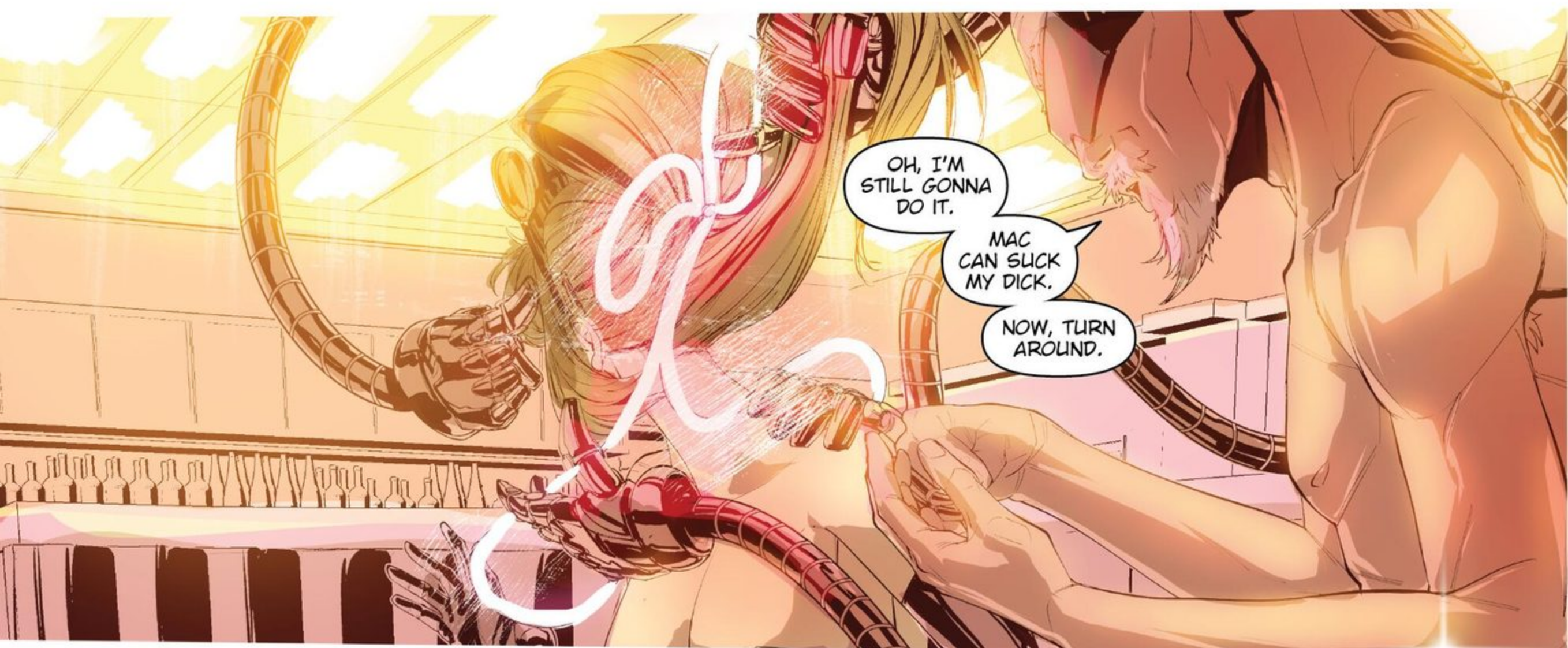
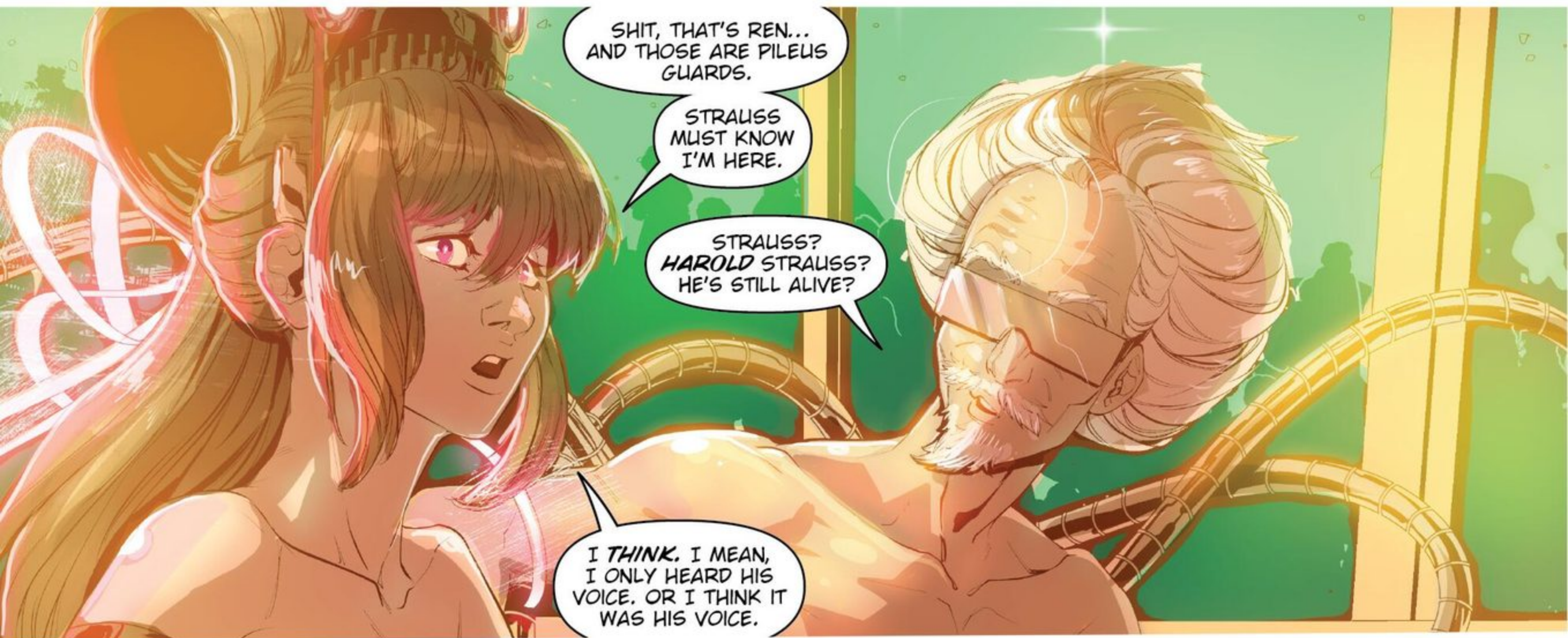
ENGAGE...BUT, ENSURE SHE REMAINS ENTIRELY INTACT.

YESSIR.

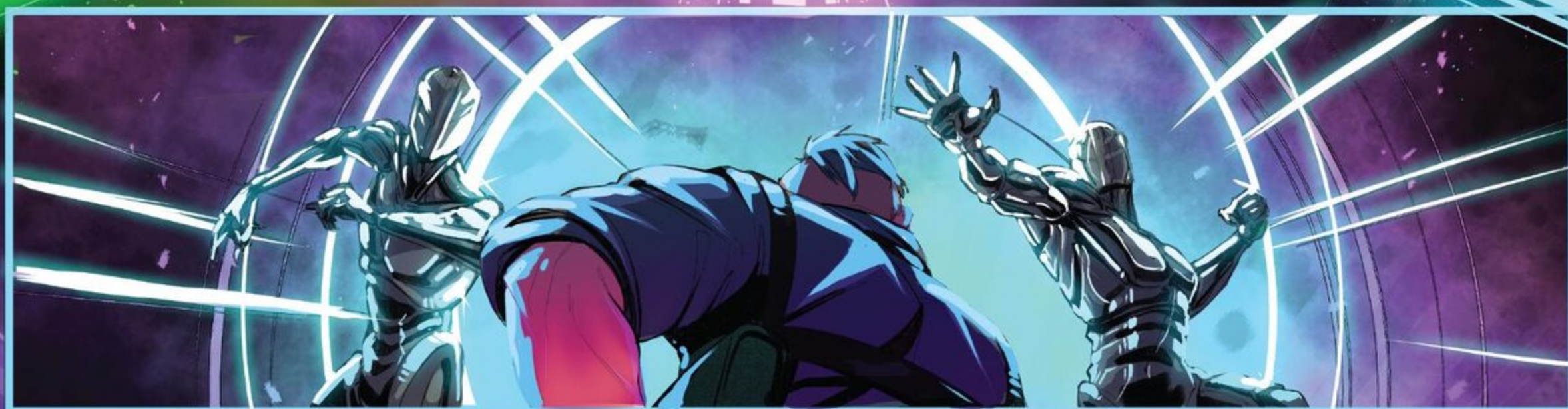
















PERFECT.



YOU'RE MY HERO.

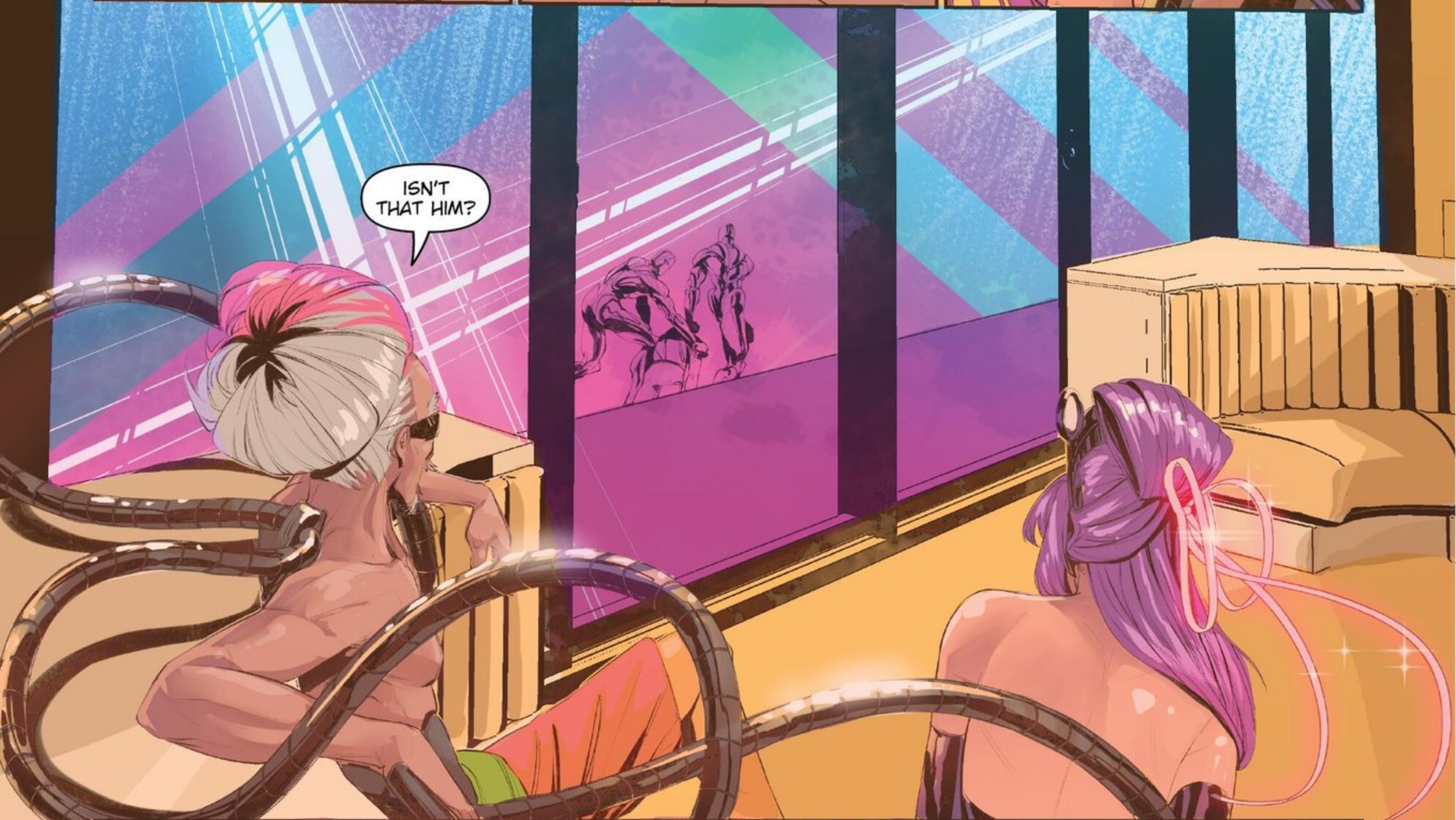
AH, IT'S NOTHING.

LISTEN, THOUGH...
ONCE MAC REALIZES THE
SIGNAL IS BEING DISRUPTED,
HE'S GOING TO SEND ANDROID
AFFAIRS AFTER YOU.



NO WORRIES,
I KNOW
A GUY.

SPEAKING
OF WHICH.



ISN'T
THAT HIM?



SHIT!



IMEROS GEN SIX
MODEL NUMBER
S92485.

YOU ARE
TO COME
WITH US.

WELL,
WAIT JUST A
MINUTE.

THIS LITTLE
LADY IS MY
DATE.

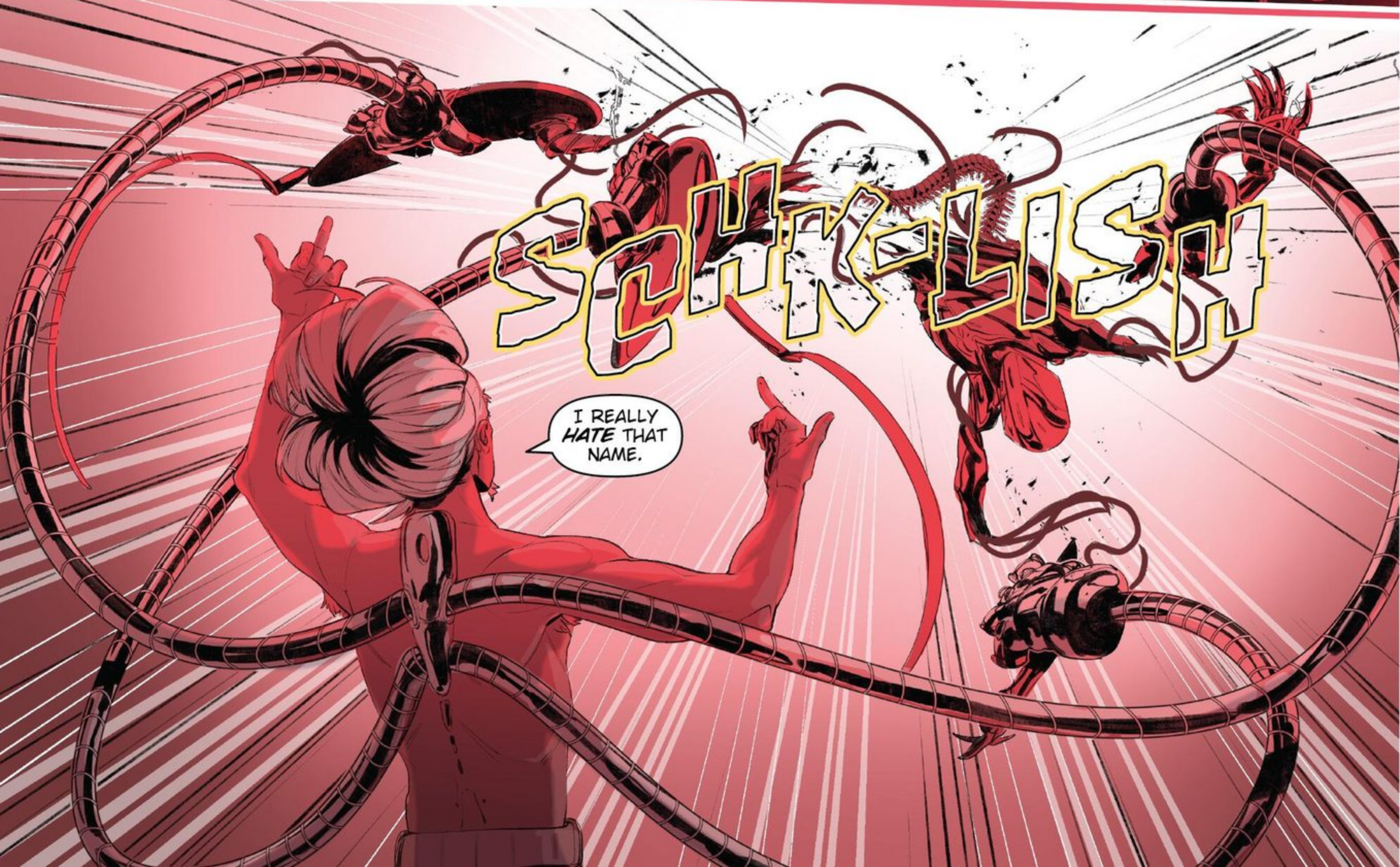
SHE IS BEING
RECALLED BY
PILEUS
INDUSTRIES.



I USED TO WORK FOR PILEUS.
THEY DON'T SEND GUARDS
TO COLLECT RECALLS.

EUGENE MARKOWITZ.
FORMER LEAD DESIGNER
AT PILEUS INDUSTRIES.
STEP ASIDE.

SEE, YOU
SHOULDN'T HAVE
USED MY REAL
NAME.



SCANKLISH

I REALLY
HATE THAT
NAME.



IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO BOUNCE, KID.

WAIT, ME? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



I'M GONNA BUY YOU SOME TIME.

EXIT

NO, DAVINCI. YOU CAN'T.



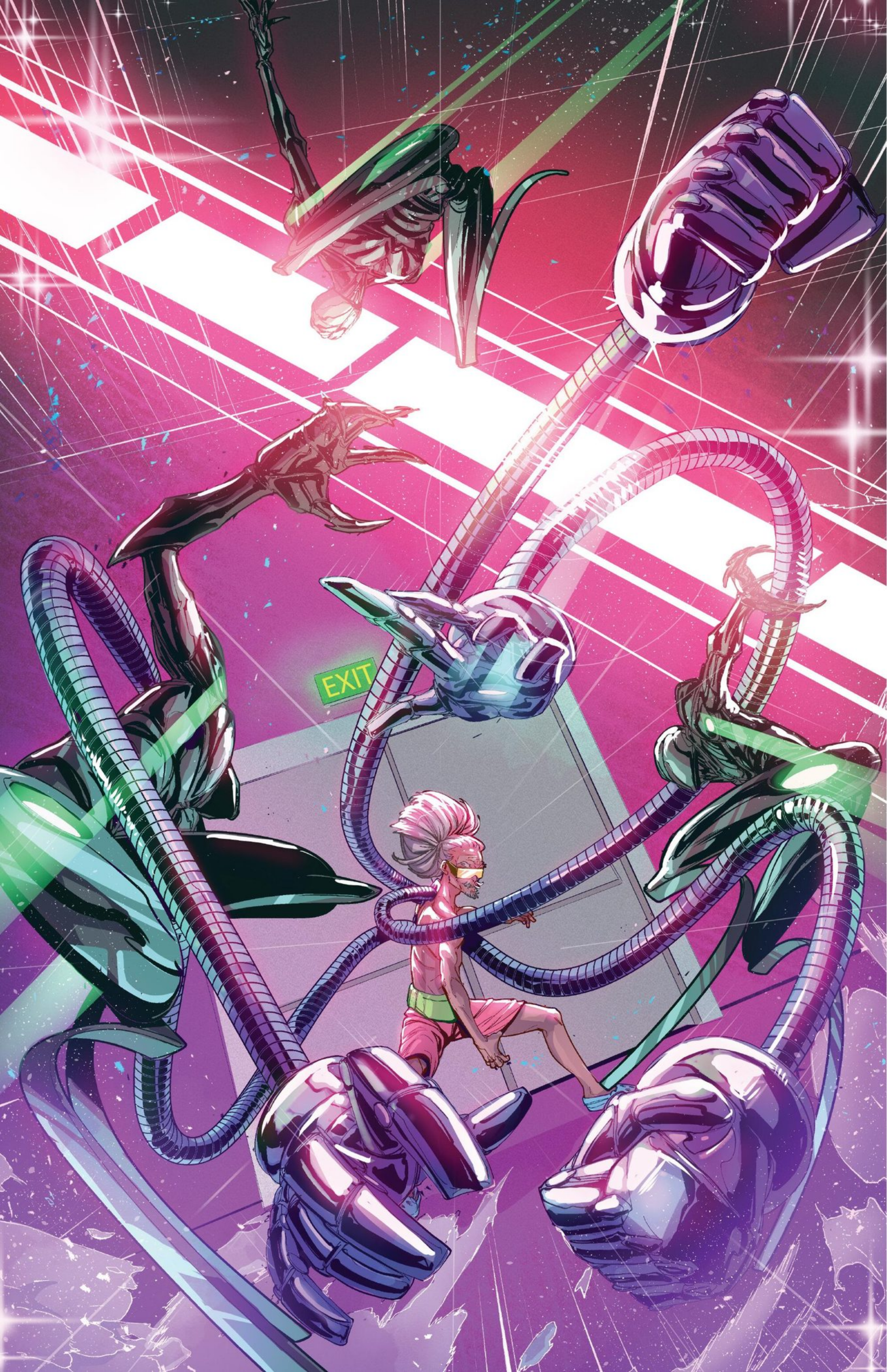
KID, I'M AN OLD, WASHED UP ANDROID DESIGNER WHO BUILDS CUSTOM SEX PARTS.

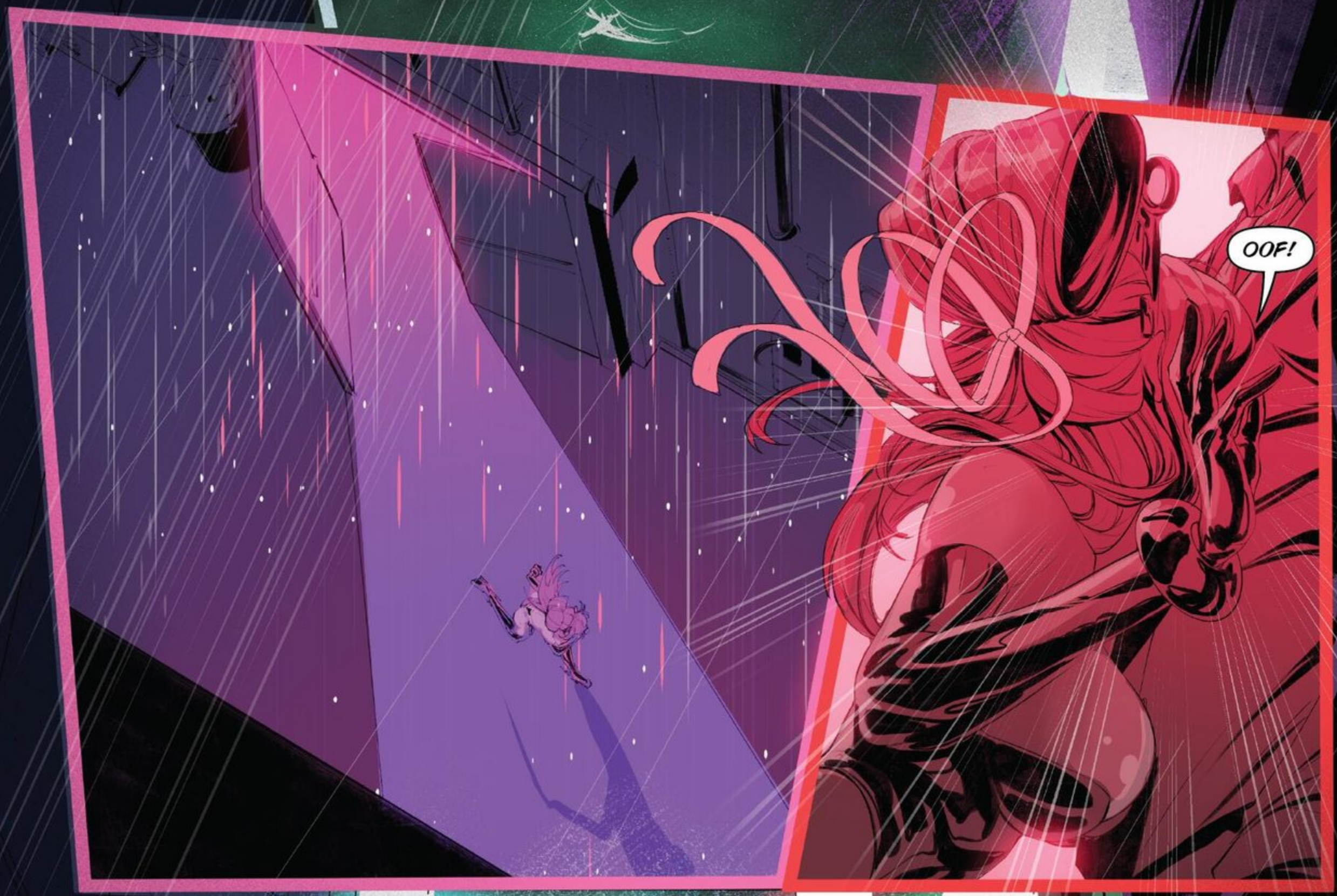
THIS IS ABOUT TO BE THE MOST FUCKING BAD-ASS THING I'LL EVER DO.

NOW, GO.



ALRIGHT, NOW WHERE WERE WE?

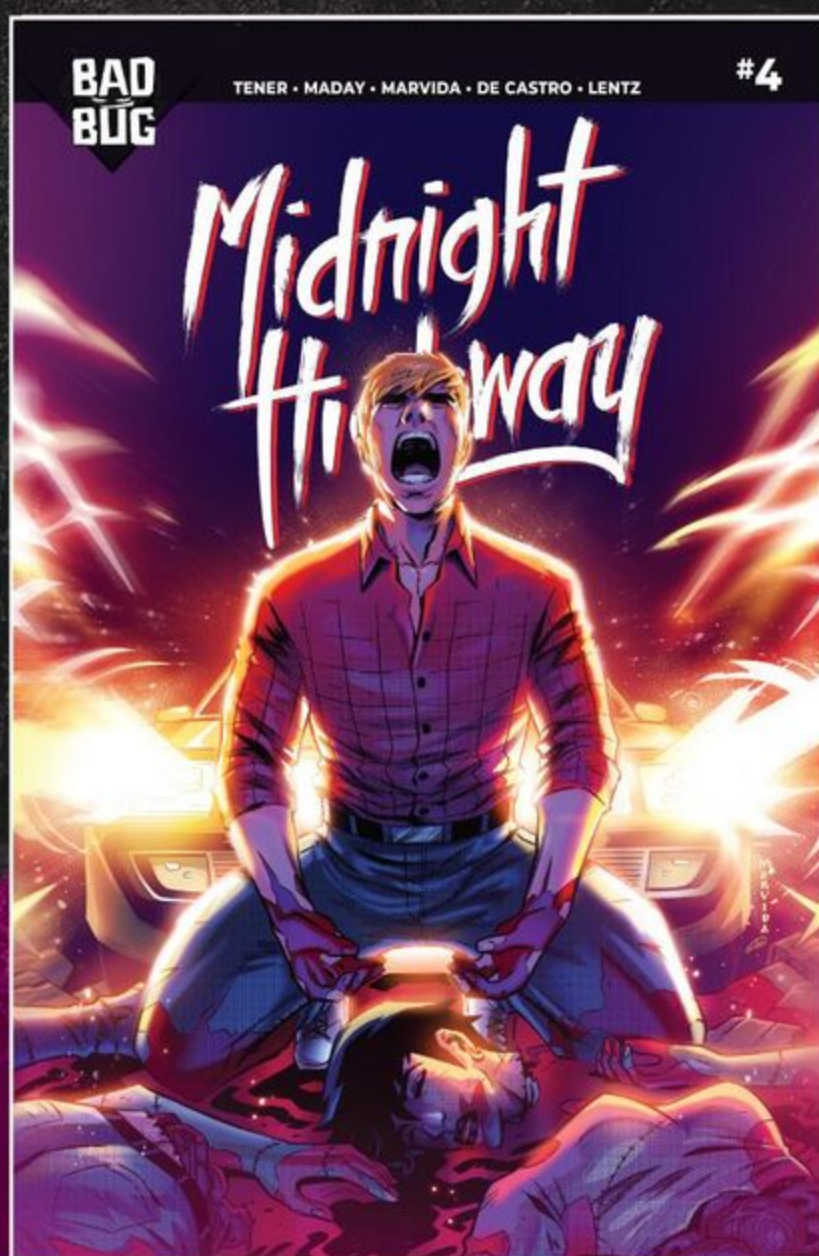
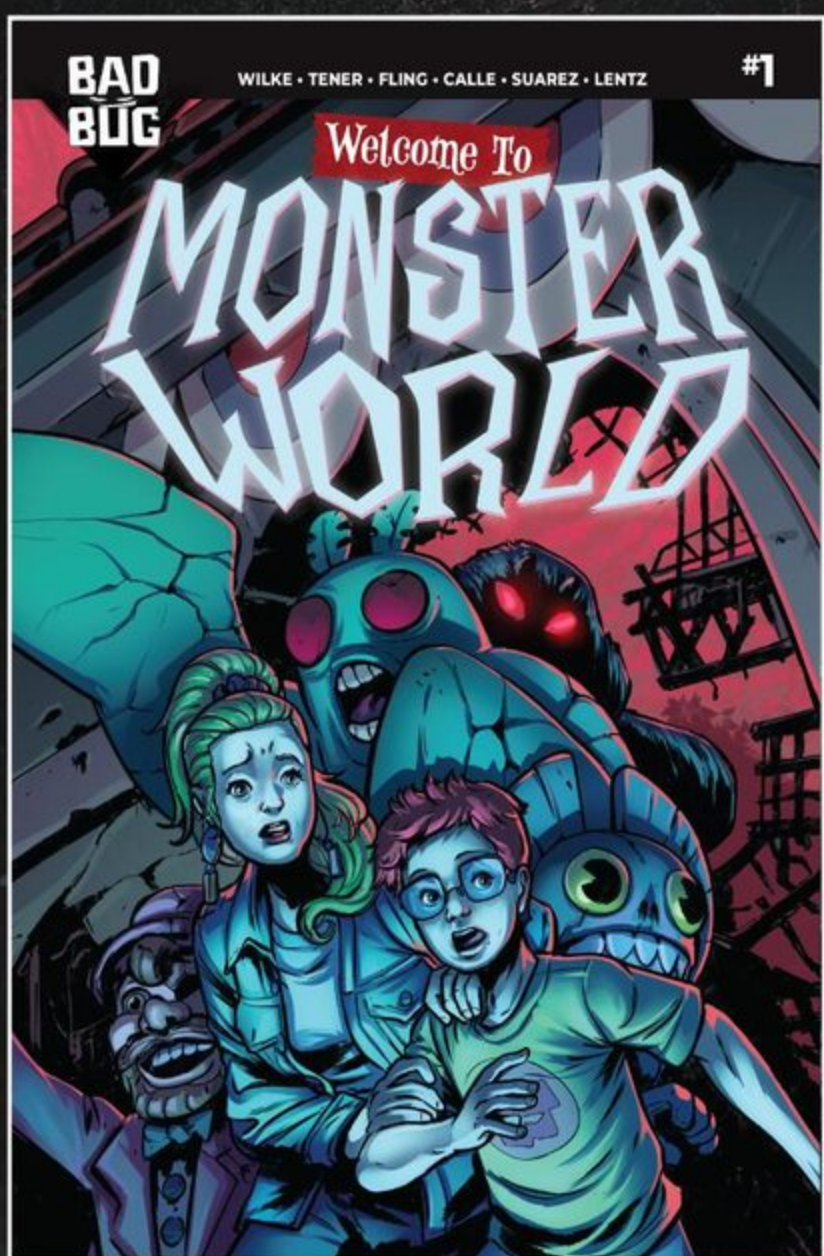
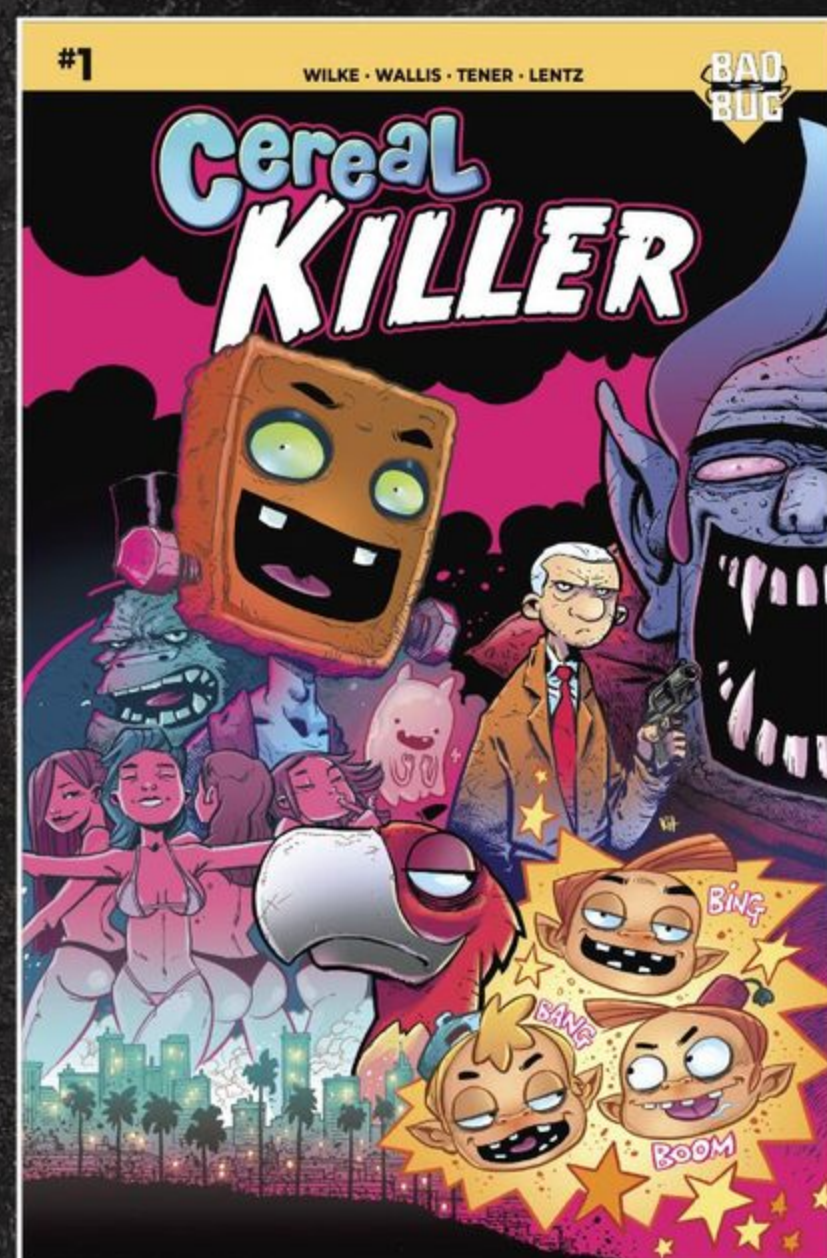
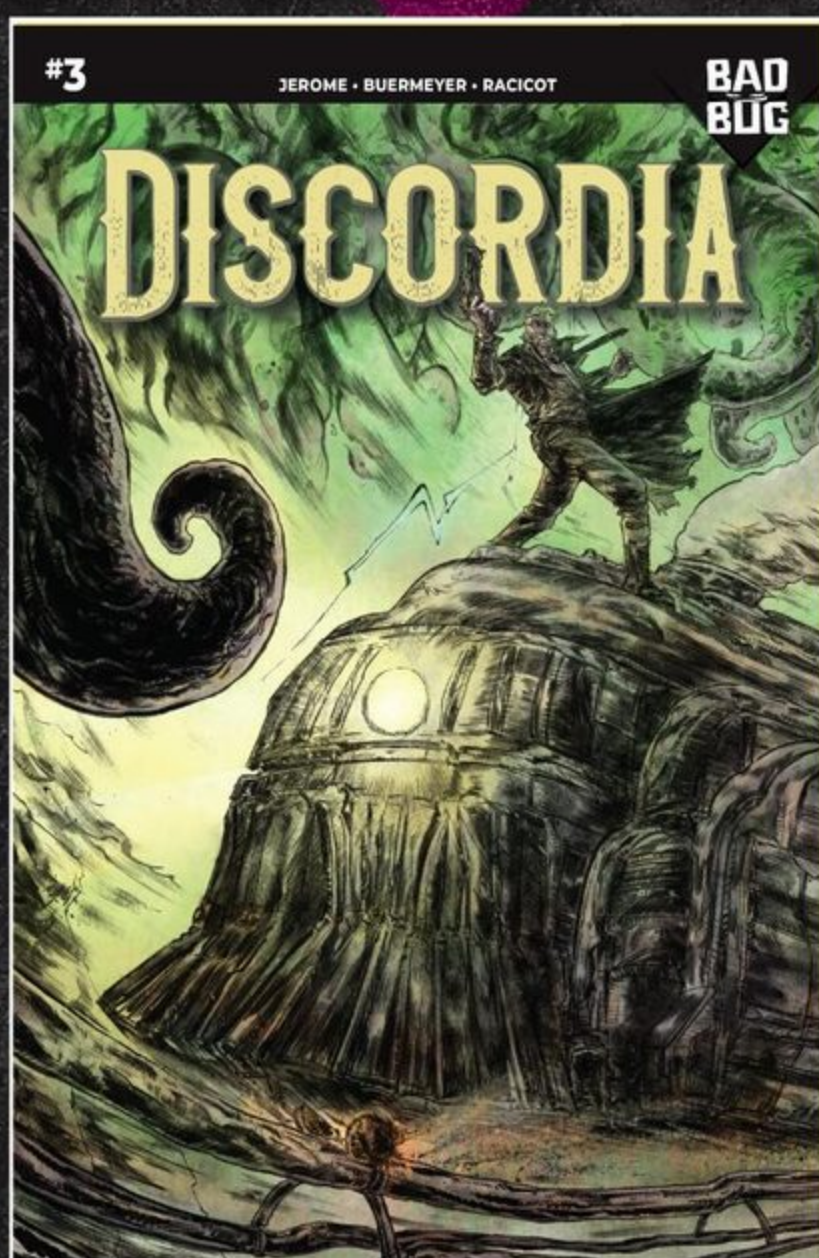




TO BE CONTINUED...

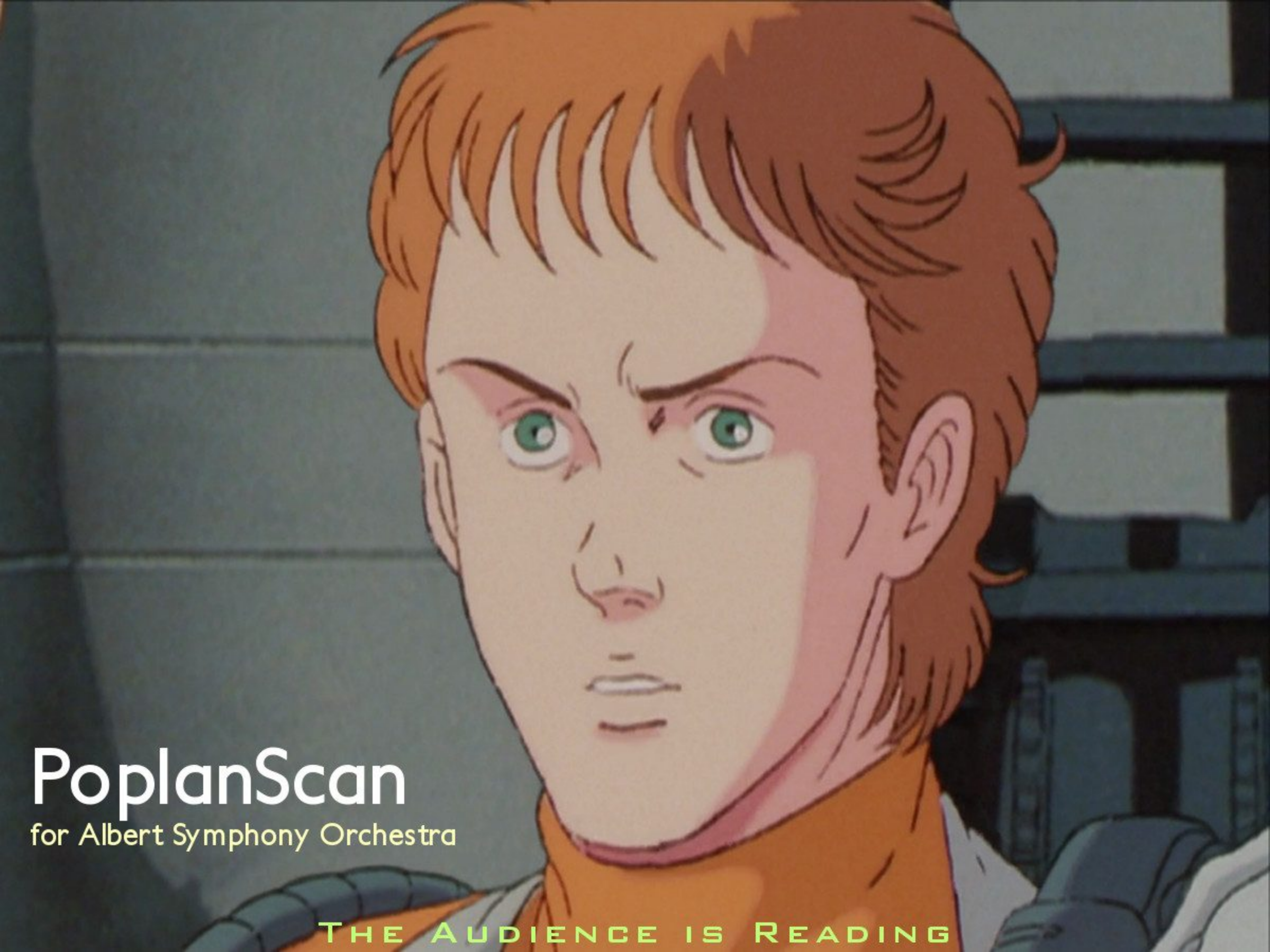
BAD BUG

FOR A GOOD TIME, GO TO
WWW.BADBUGMEDIA.COM



**BAD
BUG**

A stylized graphic featuring the words "BAD" and "BUG" in a bold, white, blocky font with black outlines. The text is arranged in two lines. Behind the text, there is a black silhouette of a mouth with a wide, toothy grin, showing sharp, pointed teeth. The entire graphic is set against a dark, textured background that resembles distressed black paper or a rough surface.



PoplanScan

for Albert Symphony Orchestra

THE AUDIENCE IS READING